

Our Bus Rolls On

Fairport Convention

Our bus rolls on
To another town, a different song
And the audiences come along
To hear the music play
So together we can walk awhile
Bring your fiddle tune, dancing style
And we're ready for the weary mile
It's another day

Peggie on the bass with a smiling face
He loves the Breton way
Never more happy in the seaside air
With his sunburnt face, he plays
Simon picks such a cool guitar
From a California maker
He came along for the very first song
Original mover and shaker

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Ric's so hip, he's a fiddler fine
With beautiful instrumentals
He'll take you to Portmeirion
On the black-and-white TV rental
Gerry sits and keeps the pace
His way is time and groove
A giant of percussive sound
His hands are always on the move

While the bus rolls

I love strings, those kind of things
To write a song or two
I have no fear when my friends appear
It's all I want to do
The time it goes and comes around
Fifty years and counting
Here's to the band called family
And those blown off that mountain

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